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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1856.

THE PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE CRAYON is at the book-store of Mr. F. W. CHRISTERN, No. 768 Broadway, to whom all letters appertaining to the publishing department of the magazine may be addressed.

EDITOR'S OFFICE—No. 709½ Broadway. Office hours from 2 to 5 P. M.

Letters to be addressed specially to the Editor or Publisher, according to the nature of the writer's communication.

J. DURAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the late firm of Stillman & Durand will be settled by Mr. Durand.

W. J. STILLMAN,
J. DURAND.

New York, December 1, 1856.

The subscriber, in resigning the editorship of the CRAYON definitely and entirely, cannot refrain from an expression of his good wishes to his heretofore readers, and for the journal which has been, until the last five months, his care. During those months his health, undermined by over-exertion and confinement, has demanded total cessation from intellectual labor, and even now forbids a stated resumption of it. But in withdrawing from editorial responsibility, and resuming the practice of his art, he leaves his most hearty good will with the CRAYON, and promises that, so far as his strength and time permit, he will appear in its columns as a contributor. The existence of such an organ for the expression of their ideas by those interested in Art, practically or theoretically, he considers to be an important element in American Art-cultivation, and he believes that under the management of his colleague, Mr. Durand, the CRAYON will occupy this place effectively. So far as his influence and exertions can go, they will be given heartily to its support.

December 1st, 1856.

W. J. STILLMAN.

In taking upon himself the sole management of the CRAYON, it will be the ambition of the undersigned to fulfill the duties assumed up to the full extent of his capacity. The loss which he has sustained in Mr. Stillman's withdrawal will, it is to be hoped, find its compensation in the contributions which he has so kindly promised. The resources of the CRAYON are materially increased, and its readers may rest assured that no effort will be spared to secure for its pages the best thought which its purpose demands.

J. DURAND.

Sketchings.

OUR PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

NO. VI.

THE collection of the Rev. E. L. Magoon comprises sketches and pictures in oil, by the following artists: Church, Cropsey, Casilear, Coleman, Durand, Doughty, Gignoux, Hart, Inness, Johnson, Kensett, Mignot, Oddie, Richards, and Shattuck. The foregoing are landscapes, intermingled with figure-pieces, by Baker, Elliot, Gray, Huntington, Hicks, Lang, Lockwood, Matteson, Mount, Martin, of Va., Mrs. Spencer, White, and Weir.

A small Benjamin West and a Hering are among the English and German paintings in oil, together with French works, by Le Grand, Duval, Watelet, Duverger, and Diaz—the last three exquisite specimens.

The collection is richest, however, in crayon, pastel, and water-color drawings; a variety too great to admit of particular notice, or even the enumeration of their authors' names. Some five or six bound volumes contain each an uniform series, such as "The Old Palace in Westminster," by Billings; and "Three Sketch-Books," by Harding. Another folio is made up of eighty drawings, by F. Mackensie, devoted to "King's College Chapel, Cambridge." A fourth contains more than fifty drawings, which illustrate various churches, colleges, and other mediæval monuments. But the most unique and valuable is the original copy of "Exeter Cathedral," containing the letter-press history, proof impressions, and all the original paintings.

Three cabinets are stored with about a hundred separate drawings, mounted under glass, and presenting a great variety of subject and treatment, from "Poor Tom" Girtin down to our own day.

Of the more noticeable drawings in color, there are works by the Italian Amici, with the German Hartmann and Hildebrand. French Art is represented by Orsel, Hubert, Delacroix, David, Soulez, Beaume, Watelet, Midy, Beaubuff, Fleury, and Gavarni. George Frapp, Lake Price, William Hunt, Richard Westall, John Martin, L. Leitch, Thomas Allom, T. M. Richardson, T. L. Rowbotham, J. Absalom, J. E. Buckley, John Le Keux, Birket Foster, Joseph Nash, George Cattermole, David Roberts, Clarkson Stanfield, Samuel Prout, and Copley Fielding, with Houston and Herring, and divers others, represent the English school. Among this indefinite variety is a fine drawing of St. Peter's Church at Caen, by Vacher, and a very good Venice, by Wyld.

But of all the collection, Turner's drawings are undoubtedly the most valuable. The "Sandy Knowe" was engraved as frontispiece to an edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetry. It is an exquisite bit of color, embodying all the fine feeling which Sir Walter has connected with the scenes of his early youth, as recorded in the first pages of his life, and in such poems as "The Eve of St. John."

The "Berne" was made for Finden's illustrations of Lord Byron. It is a general view of that romantic town, skirted by the foaming mountain stream, with the sublime Alps beyond.

The "Bacherach on the Rhine" was also drawn and engraved for the Byron, and is, we think, the most valuable of the three. On a small scale, this best indicates what Turner, the artist, could do with the like material—rivers, barges, ships, ivied towers, clusters of quaint houses, churches of delicate tracery, mountains soaring in natural grandeur, surmounted by dilapidated castles, the whole invested with all the multifarious charms of color, light, and shade, and marvellous detail, and treated with consummate genius.

Dr. Magoon has expended much labor in obtaining graphic exemplifications of Christian Art, especially monumental antiquities; and through extraordinary success in that specialty,

has acquired, probably, the best collection in America. Artists and amateurs are much indebted to his enthusiasm for these foreign contributions to the Art-treasures of our city, and certainly to his courtesy for the facilities afforded for their inspection.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

WE do not know if there be any among our sculptors who intend to make designs for the Wellington Monument, to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; which monument the British government has thrown open to the competition of artists of all countries. If, however, such an intention exists, we have to inform artists that a diagram, representing the proposed locality of the monument in the cathedral, with the necessary measurements, conditions, regulations, instructions, etc. attached to it, can be seen at Messrs Goupil & Co.'s store in this city. For a nation like England, possessing many artists of real genius, we think the proceeding a very mean one, and wholly unjustifiable. We wonder they did not advertise for a general to fight the battles that Wellington won before employing "The Duke." Our London correspondent, Mr. Rossetti, says the award of the monument to the "omnivorous" Baron Marochetti is already considered "a foregone conclusion." This gentleman once had a design for, and upon, the Washington statue in Union Place, the evidence of which now exists in the Crystal Palace. Those who are disposed can, by comparing Marochetti's Washington with Brown's noble work, best comprehend what we have escaped from.

THE scenery of Canada being comparatively a new field of study, it occurs to us, after seeing the sketches made there by Mr. Gignoux, to jot down for the benefit of our readers an abstract of the information we obtained from him about that country. Mr. Gignoux's sketches represent various scenes between Quebec and the Saguenay River, embracing views of the "Fall of La Chaudière," a few miles from Quebec, also a section of the "Seven Falls," a cascade about forty miles from that city, down the St. Lawrence. Both falls exhibit a large body of water, and very picturesque accessories. In the neighborhood of the last-mentioned locality are fine studies of rock and evergreens, the former being bold and precipitous, and the latter somewhat of an Alpine character, showing tall forms, and that peculiar freshness which belong to trees growing in mountains, where the atmosphere is partially cold, and always more or less damp with the spray of streams, or the mist of the clouds. The rocks are hard, but not slaty, their fractures being irregular and grand in form; they are also more bare of verdure than the rocks farther south. In color they are of a black-red tint, peculiar to rocks composed, more or less, of iron. The water which flows in a bed flanked by such banks, the Seven Falls for instance, is of that dark hue common to mountain brooks, its tone increased by the great depth of the pools it lies in as well as by the color of the rocks, its

surface contrasting beautifully with the white foam of the various cascades that compose the fall. Wildness is the characteristic, and "mountain gloom" the sentiment of the scenery. The Saguenay is a river remarkable for its precipitous banks, these being perpendicular mountain-rocks, which, like icebergs, have bases farther below the water's surface than their tops are above it; they are nearly bare of all verdure, as well as signs of civilization, their dark sides reflecting additional darkness into the deep, clear, blue water from the sea, which ebbs and flows up and down this peculiar channel. This river does not, perhaps, invite the study of the artist, although steamboats ply between it and Quebec, and the captains offer every facility to passengers, stopping and calling for them as they may desire. Most of its picturesque spots are inaccessible on account of the boldness of the shore, and the danger from the winds and waves. The stations on the river where the steamer touches belong to, and are occupied by people attached to the Hudson Bay Company. These persons are glad to entertain strangers, and are very hospitable. But their fare is bad, apart from the splendid salmon. And not even this at a point on the river above the last station to which the steamer goes. Mr. Gignoux states that he stopped at a place where in the morning he breakfasted on blueberries and milk, at dinner they set before him blueberries and milk, and for tea still the same dish, blueberries and milk. They declared that meat could not be procured; he, however, combining the taste of his countrymen with the perseverance of the Yankee, was not to be thus starved without a personal effort in his own behalf, so he and his landlord "took a drive," and they rode twelve miles before a bit of flesh could be found, and this, one lone, lorn Shanghai chicken, the product of a stray egg, and the last of his family. Before quitting this barren region of Canada we may as well state that the people generally speak only the French language, and that not according to the standard of the *Théâtre Français*. Imagine our friend's surprise on overhearing himself, a pure Parisian, referred to in a certain place as a new-comer, but contemptuously described as a man who "spoke very bad French." Who will establish a standard for criticism in any locality where the majority rules?

Mr. H. K. Brown has just completed a design in plaster for a statue of Henry Clay, to whom a monument is to be erected in the city of New Orleans. The great statesman stands in an attitude peculiar to himself, as he was wont to appear in his eloquent moods, when the soul within, and the gesture without, combined to give his figure such remarkable expression. The costume is that of a plain civilian. The spirit of the statue is wholly dependent upon the soul, and not the clothes of the man.

Mr. B. G. Stone exhibited the early part of last month, at Messrs. Goupil & Co.'s gallery, a series of lead-pencil drawings, consisting of views in the Catskills and White Mountains.

They are more elaborate productions of this class of drawing than is usually seen, and are very creditable performances.

Mr. Ives, one of our sculptors resident in Rome, is now on a visit to this country. He is engaged upon a portrait statue of a child, also upon a bust of the Hon. Francis Granger.

Mr. T. P. Rossiter has taken a studio, for the present, at No. 3 Bond street. Mr. Rossiter is engaged upon the study of a large picture, entitled "Charity," wherein is to be represented all the incidents in the New Testament appertaining to the life of Christ, which have a bearing upon this virtue. The canvas will be of the dimensions of twelve by twenty-five feet, and the figures will be painted as large as life. For the present (during the winter) Mr. Rossiter will devote his time to portraiture.

Mr. Leutze has lately sent home two pictures, one of which has gone to Philadelphia (the box unopened here). The other is an interior representing a saloon opening into a garden, with the figures of a female and child in the background; the saloon possesses interest, as being a faithful representation of an apartment in which Schiller took part in dramatic entertainments in his youthful days. The picture belongs to Charles Toppan, Esq.

C. M. Leupp, Esq., has added to his collection an early picture by Washington Allston, called "Katharine and Petruccio."

Students of Art will notice by an advertisement on the cover, that the schools of the National Academy are now open for the season. The schools this year are placed under the supervision of the vice-president of the Academy, Thomas S. Cummings, Esq. Mr. Cummings will be in attendance every evening, to conduct the schools according to the prescribed regulations of the Council, as well as to advise the students, and to make such suggestions to them as are warranted by his knowledge and long experience as a professor of drawing. In addition to Mr. Cummings' valuable services, the schools will have the aid of members of the Council, and sundry academicians, who have promised to visit the schools occasionally, and bestow upon them more of time and attention than they have been able to give heretofore. One item of the new regulations deserves notice. It is intended to have the library-room made comfortable, and the valuable books belonging to the Academy library so arranged as to be accessible to the students and members generally. These features of improvement betoken a vitality in the Academy which deserves both commendation and encouragement.

Among the Art novelties of the day is a picture by Miss Ingham, representing the temple of Abou Simbul, in Upper Egypt. The view is copied from a photograph, the detail and effect of which are faithfully preserved. The color of nature is very happily rendered. The picture is painted upon a scale permitting one to realize the grandeur that characterizes the colossal sculpture of the ancient Egyptians, a feature

which seems to require, like mountains, a proportionate area of canvas, in order to be adequately expressed.

Mr. Huntington has made a number of very thorough studies the past summer, in the vicinity of North Conway, N. Y. Amongst which a study of the "Stepping-stones" on Kiarsarge brook; an Autumn view of "Kuhn Mountain," and a "study of Maples in autumnal color," are the principal.

Mr. Shattuck has made a large number of brilliant sketches of White Mountain subjects; one study of grasses and weeds is remarkably faithful in its rendering of detail and local color, as well as very spirited in execution.

Mr. Coleman has made a wide advance on all his previous studies. Besides a large number of effective sketches, he has a study of "Mote Mountain and the Ledges," at North Conway, with a wheat-field in the foreground, particularly fine in sentiment and general effect. A study of a "Group of Elms," on the Saco River, and some studies of grasses, weeds, and ferns, are most thoroughly painted.

Mr. Hubbard has also made a study of the "Stepping-stones," with several sketches of autumnal foliage, sincere and simple in their rendering of nature.

Mr. Hotchkiss has likewise a number of the rich foreground material of the Saco River. Mr. H. having late taken a studio, we take this opportunity of mentioning its locality, namely, 804 Broadway, Dodsworth Building.

From Philadelphia we learn that a Fall Exhibition at the Academy has been quite successful. The collection comprises those pictures belonging to the institution, a number of which have been suffered to remain since the spring, including Hassenclever's "Workingmen's Petition," May's "Bandit's Death," &c., and a small number of new contributions, chiefly foreign. The receipts, though not nearly equalling those of the regular Spring Exhibition, have been considerable, and it is hoped that through the winter there will be more than enough to pay expenses. The permanent statue gallery has lately had added to it several casts from Crawford's models for the U. S. Capitol building.

Two large pictures by Steinbrück, of Berlin, have been recently added to private collections. One is a reproduction of his well-known "Geneveva;" the other is of some children at play; crude and defective in drawing and tone, but lovely in childlike character and expression.

Healey has been in Philadelphia, where he has painted some portraits in his usual strong, bold style.

Mr. Furness has completed a fine head of Mr. Sumner, painted during his recent residence in Philadelphia. It is noble in character, fine in color, and most carefully modelled, and is Mr. Furness's best head.

Mr. G. C. Lambdin has in his studio a picture painted for a gentleman in New York, which, we have been told, is his best work. The

subject is "Two persons talking by a window in twilight."

Mr. WEBER has made, during the past summer and fall, many unusually careful studies in the Catskills and on Lake George. Mr. W. has heretofore confined himself so exclusively to Pennsylvania scenery, that it seems strange to see by him studies of scenes, long the peculiar property of New Yorkers.

QUERY.—In an obituary notice of the late Thomas Dowse, tanner, of Cambridge, Mass., mention is made of an "admirable collection" of *water color* paintings, formed by him, and supposed to have been willed to some public institution. Can some of our Eastern readers give an account of the rank and number of the drawings, and names of the painters?

THE London Society of Arts offer a prize for the production of a perfectly colorless copal varnish, not liable to injure the color over which it is applied; also for a purely colorless oil suitable for artists.

A COURSE of Lectures will be delivered this winter before "The School of Design for Women," and the public generally, by several of the most talented and popular lecturers of the country. GEO. W. CURTIS, Esq., Rev. T. STARR KING, E. P. WHIPPLE, Esq., Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, and Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER are engaged, and others will be added. Part of these lectures will be upon Art, or subjects closely allied to it, and the remainder on topics of public interest.

The opening lecture will be delivered by Rev. E. H. Chapin, at the Tabernacle, on Monday evening, Dec. 8th—subject, "*Columbus*." The evenings to be occupied by the other gentlemen will be announced, with the subjects of their lectures, during the present month.

The room occupied by the School of Design is at 487 Broadway, entrance in Broome-street, where specimens of the skill of its pupils in drawing, painting, and engraving can be seen.

MR. T. ADDISON RICHARDS has opened his studio for the reception of students, amateurs, and others, who may desire to study drawing and painting. Having frequent applications from parties wishing to be under the eye of a practical painter, we are glad to have it in our power to refer them to Mr. Richards, being, as he is, one of the most competent among the artists who offer such facilities to the public.

[FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.]

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 2d, 1856.

"An effort was made last month by the managers of the State Fair, in an appeal to the citizens, to create a Picture Gallery. I was in hopes of seeing some choice works, as I had been informed there were many fine works to be had; but nothing turned up, save a few dingy copies pertaining to the Virgin and Our Saviour, and which were, of course, catalogued as *original*. Some good portraits by Boyle, of your city, were shown. There was quite an exhibition of Photographic works. James Brown obtained the first prize for colored Photographic portraits. He was formerly a member of your Water Color Society. Dodge, the miniature painter, now practices this branch of art."

THE Collector of this port has ordered all valuable paintings received from abroad to be sent to the store, No. 12 Broad-street, for inspection. This has been done at the request of the British authorities, to detect, if possible, the robbery of ten pictures from the collection of the Earl of Surrey, most of them valuable landscapes, &c., by the old masters, which were taken from his rooms at the time of a gratuitous public exhibition. If they are brought to this country, they will undoubtedly be recovered.—*New York Observer*.

MARTIN'S PICTURES.—In our last number we stated that three pictures, by John Martin, called "*The Plains of Heaven*," "*The Day of Judgment*," and the "*Last Day of His Wrath*," were on exhibition at Messrs. Williams, Stevens, Williams & Co's. gallery. These pictures have proved a great attraction to our public, and deservedly so. They are curiosities of Art. They better illustrate, however, what Art is *not* than what Art is, exhibiting, as they do, a combination of the sublime and the ridiculous in a juxtaposition so close, that one almost nullifies the other. When an artist departs from the visible harmonies of natural objects, or attempts to embody conceptions of being of a type beyond the acknowledged imaginative scope of the human mind, he treads on dangerous ground, particularly when he strives to represent the action of such a being according to a supreme will that operates in a manner incomprehensible to human intelligence. In one sense, he assumes a position on a level with Omnipotence, and is, in fact, in his picture, the very judge and creator he seeks to portray. Such a license, however, is permitted, but the artist's work is only more or less admirable or absurd according as he combines natural features in such relations as to show in his own mind an appreciation of the sentiment which belongs to the natural objects he employs. Now Martin's pictures indicate great susceptibility to impressions of the grand and sublime in Nature. The forms of rocks and mountains, as we see them in the "*Last Day of His Wrath*" (the best picture), tottering from their foundations, and plunging into chaos; the indication of space in "*The Plains of Heaven*," as the eye travels back into distance lost in light; the lurid hue of the sun contrasting with the deep gulf beneath it, and the vast city on its brink, and the glittering figures above the cloudy platform, as displayed in "*The Day of Judgment*," form an impressive combination of elements, such as we are familiar with either in a state of repose, or as disturbed by natural causes. The imagination thus yields to suggestions of power and other ideas of the sublime, as we stand back far enough from these pictures to allow the effect which the artist intended to be produced upon the mind, and the observer is more or less upon a common plane of intelligible truth. It is only when we approach to examine the detail of these works that a respect for their sublime element gives place to risibility. The figures in all these pictures, not to say anything about bad drawing, are generally incongruous; for instance, the party of

ladies in gauze in the foreground of "*The Plains of Heaven*." The scarlet giantess, the river of heads, among which Washington and Franklin appear, and behind them the old masters, with Dante and Beatrice and Petrarch and Laura, etc., all represented as saved by the Almighty; the train of cars plunging over the brink of a tremendous precipice, each car labelled with the name of some great city, like London, Paris, Rome, etc.—another train coming on in the rear, which we suppose may be intended as a string of cities of the New World; all these, with the queer trees and strange color, which stand for the bowers and groves of bliss in "*The Day of Judgment*," do certainly amuse everybody who prefers his own conception of the realms of the blessed to that of any other man's. Another striking feature of these pictures that interests us, and which shows the power of the artist, is his invention. The canvases are full of incident. The eye does not weary with contemplation of blank space. Hill, dale, river, mountain, and waterfall are suggested to us, if not adequately expressed; every figure, whether true or exaggerated, has a meaning; every building is more or less distinct, and every fragment of ruin is significant. As engravings, these works will, perhaps, prove more interesting to people than the pictures, because the chief element of their effect on the mind lies in chiaroscuro instead of color; the faults of color will not, of course, offend because unrepresentable in an engraving, nor will the errors of drawing, when reduced to a scale which does not permit one to see them. We advise everybody to examine these pictures, because they are fine of their kind, and useful as vehicles of instruction in their relation to Art.

LECTURERS.—This country is blessed with a great body of lecturers, but among the number there is scarcely one whose relations to the world of our specialty appear to be such as to fully entitle him to discourse upon the subject of Art. Clergymen are generally the mouth-pieces in behalf of Art, as they are of diverse other subjects that interest the people. They are requested to lecture on everything—to talk like an improvisator on any subject handed in, whether it be corn, potatoes, Art or political economy. It is not fair to task them in this way. While admitting the ability of clergymen to speak nobly on the relative importance of Art to kindred subjects, we know they are frequently embarrassed in doing so, owing to not being sufficiently familiar with works of Art, the lives of artists, and the moral position of the artist in society, as one whose insight into the ways of men is as valuable as that of any of those who ponder on the doings of humanity. We have, in fact, authority for stating this. We are glad, therefore, to notice the advent of lecturers prepared to address the public from the artist stand-point of observation, thinkers who are, in some respects, to the manor born. Among these we are permitted to mention the name of our coadjutor, W. J. Stillman, whose ability no one will question; also the name of

J. G. B. Brown, Esq., of Newburg, N. Y., whom we readily endorse as one perfectly competent by education and feeling to entertain any audience that may desire to hear him. We shall, from time to time, report others as they may be made known to us.

THE DÉBUT OF MISS STEVENS.—Last month we witnessed at Wallack's theatre, the first appearance in public of Miss Sara Stevens, in the character of Hero, in Shakespeare's comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing." Believing true histrionic Art to be feeling in action,—the spirit of the actor revealing itself, like that of the painter, sculptor, or poet, only differing in form of expression, and considering Art only worthy to be commented upon as it is more or less representative of true feeling, our criticism will be simply confined to stating the impression Miss Stevens's personation of Hero made on us. Hero, although not a prominent character, is nevertheless an important one; all Shakespeare's creations are so, particularly the female characters, and all so beautiful—except some of the badly-married ones, like Lady Macbeth and the sisters of Cordelia, whose baseness we believe was fed by male sympathy,—that a truthful rendering of the least important one is creditable to any artist, and a positive delight to the beholder. Such was Hero to us as we witnessed Hero in Miss Stevens. The gentleness, the innocence, the beauty and charms of youth, just fresh from private life, gave a touch of ideality to the Hero of this occasion, which elevated it to the actuality of Nature. And what more can Art do? But it was not alone these circumstances of Miss Stevens's appearance that affected us: there was in the tone of her voice, in her utterances, in the natural grace and unaffected ease of her deportment, a power which can only proceed from self-forgetfulness,—a complete absorption of herself in the sentiment of the character personified. This attribute is alone the birth-right of the born artist, and its appreciation by the public, elevates, sustains, and justifies the artist-actor's profession. Shakespeare is his own critic. He terms Hero "gentle," and, to our mind, the Hero of Miss Stevens was a fitting representation of Shakespeare's Hero. We do not by any means award "genius" to the lady, although we do not deny it to her, for genius proves itself by growth, and for us, genius is too much like a flower, to be expatiated upon by a simple contemplation of its root. The capital of her future development is now to be found in true feeling and good taste, two very rare artistic elements. The name of Mrs. Kean occurs to us in this connection, and it leads us to express our admiration of her representation of woman, and to say that Miss Stevens's feeling for Art seems to tend in the same direction. Mrs. Kean's representations were remarkable portrayals of female delicacy and refinement; they manifested the power of gentleness, and were not based upon the power of passion; she did not aim to give us women transformed to demons, or sacrifice truth to muscular exertion, or in any wise strive to act by rule. Regretting the ten-

dency of our stage at the present day, which is to exaggerate even to caricature, and one that is fostered by modern audiences, we can only hint at our warning by mentioning Mrs. Kean as a model for study in an opposite direction; she also being one whose reputation in public and private greatly contributes to sustain the stage in our affections.

Since penning the foregoing, we have had the pleasure of listening to a poetic and dramatic reading entertainment, by Miss Stevens. The selection of pieces embraced a wide range of character. The fair reader did justice to herself and to the authors of the pieces she read, among which we would especially name "The May Queen," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and a scene from "Twelfth Night." We would advise Miss Stevens to rely more upon her own original powers of feeling and expression, than upon the mechanical rules of mechanical and professional elocutionists, such as the stage too often presents to us; keeping ever in mind that distinctness of utterance is a principle of more importance than any of the stage tricks of execution.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

THE VEILED PICTURE.—A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. And the question, which of the two should possess him of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden, with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all Nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

"I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture! We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist who deceived the birds by skill in painting fruit manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvas with the pencil as to deceive a skillful master, was surely the greatest artist.—*Life Illustrated.*

We greatly object to one of the lowest of all artist-facilities being applied to a circumstance of high moral significance, so as to appear to be a standard of judgment. It would require greater "genius" to obtain our daughter than the mere ability to imitate. The two lovers showed themselves accomplished cheats, their skill being of the same character as that of the counterfeiter; and if brought to trial in the court of true Art, they would be punished without mercy, for thus obtaining a "prize so earnestly coveted" under false pretences. The action of the court would not end here. In order to protect society a writ would be issued against

the father, the result of which might be his consignment to some lunatic asylum.

THE CEILING OF THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Sufficient progress has been made with the ceiling of the House of Representatives in the new south wing of the Capitol to give an idea of its surpassing gorgeousness. In the northeast angle the massive and elaborate drop pieces, of the form of huge inverted pineapples, have been finished and set in their places; portions of them and the cornice have been painted, also, and adjoining parts of the ceiling frescoed; the whole producing an effect that can be equalled, we suppose, no where else on this continent, and excelled scarcely anywhere in the world. These large and most elaborate drops, with the surrounding foliage and ornaments, are made of papier maché, and, in case of receiving injury from any cause, can at any time be speedily restored. Whilst the work of ornamentation is thus progressing in the ceiling of the hall of the House, there is no idleness in the new committee rooms. Several of them are paved with the beautiful encaustic tiles, and are ready for frescoing; others are undergoing that process, and so exquisitely beautiful in taste and finish is this work that every visitor pours forth, upon witnessing it, utterances of mingled astonishment and delight. In the north wing, to be occupied by the Senate and its officers, several committee rooms are finished, and some are well advanced towards completion. One now in hand is for the use of the Naval Committee of the Senate, and its ceiling and walls are being most tastefully and fittingly frescoed and painted. Neptune, Amphitrite, the Tritons, and all the gods and goddesses of the deep find spirited representations somewhere on the walls of this unique room; the panellings are taken up with wall-pictures of several of the most noted of the naval victories and exploits performed under the American flag. When finished, this room, with its match for the Military Committee, will be among the chief attractions of the magnificent apartments the country is providing for the use of her legislative agents in the Capitol.—*National Intelligencer.*

The "great ideal" in London, if we may be allowed to apply such a term to any actual expression of terrestrial beauty, is Hyde Park. A friend discourses about it in a letter, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:

"I have a very comfortable and convenient house on the sunny side of Kensington gardens, light and airy, which is more than can be said of most London houses. The gardens and Hyde Park adjoining afford a delightful rambling place for my children, also affording some charming bits for observation and study. There are some noble trees in the park, shadowing the softest velvet grass; flocks of sheep feed and rest themselves amid the trees and on the open lawns; water-fowl dabble about in the little lake and river. Invalids come out to take the air; children form pretty groups at play, or lie idle on the grass, while here and there are people, some walking, some seated reading, others sewing, and many doing nothing—all furnishing entertainment for an hour's recreation in an agreeable place. It is what I have often felt the want of in New York; it cools the brain, soothes the mind, and leads the fancies away into the dream-world, from which, after these walks, I came back to my labor greatly refreshed."

THE STEPPING STONE.—Considerable surprise has been created by the mention of the fact of this stone—the pedestal to the statue of King George III.—having so long remained in so humble a situation, that but few were aware

of its existence. The Jersey City Telegraph has learned some facts relative to it from some of the old inhabitants. The stone formerly stood or lay over the remains of Major Smith, of the Forty-second, or Royal Highland Regiment, who died July 25, 1783, and was buried on a hill, near the present site of St. Matthew's Church, Sussex street. In 1804 the earth was removed from this hill by Andrew Dey, or by the Jersey Associates; but it is not known what became of the remains of Major Smith. John Van Vorst, grandfather of the present Alderman Van Vorst, took this stone, and laid it with the inscription downward, in front of the old Van Vorst mansion, which was a few rods south of the present residence of J. Van Vorst. In 1818 the old Van Vorst mansion was demolished, and the late Cornelius Van Vorst placed it as a step-stone to the kitchen door of his house, on the knoll on the northerly side of Wayne street, near Jersey street. There it has remained until now. That building is being demolished, and the stone is to be used for the new house on the southerly side of Wayne street, now occupied by the family. In 1828 a gentleman from England called upon Mr. Van Vorst and offered him \$500 for this relic, as he wished to take it to England, but Mr. Van Vorst declined the offer. It is of Portland marble, and was imported from England for the purpose of being used as the pedestal for the leaden statue of George III. It was used until the statue was converted into bullets for revolutionary purposes.

A PICTURE FRAUD IN PARIS.—A Dutch trader, of Amsterdam, arrived in Paris some time ago with a valuable painting on wood, by Perugino, which had long been in possession of his family, and of his own, but which was sadly in need of being cleaned and restored. A picture cleaner, named L—, having been strongly recommended to him, was employed to do what was necessary, and after keeping the picture, on different pretexts, rather a long time, the man took it to the owner a few days ago. The latter immediately carried it to a packing-case maker, and told him to pack it up with great care, in order that it might be sent into Holland. A picture valuer who happened to be in the shop, hearing that the painting was a Perugino, requested to be allowed to examine it; and the moment he cast his eye on it, he said that it was not an original, but a copy. "It has always been regarded as an original," said the Dutch gentleman, "by numerous artists and connoisseurs who have examined it; but it has just been restored." "The restorer, then," said the other, "has given you a copy instead of the original." "Not so, for I recognize the wood at the back—the effect produced by age—the knots; I know them by heart, and all are there." The other thereupon, after examining the painting with great care, said that the part of the wood bearing the painting had been skillfully sawn off, and that the copy had been made on the wood that remained. "The copy," added the valuer, "has been given to you, and the original will, no doubt, be transferred to canvas by the ordinary process." The Dutch gentleman was astounded, and at once laid a complaint before the police. The picture cleaner being sent for, could not deny the fraud, and said that he had sold the original to an Englishman. He was arrested.—*Daily News*.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

X—, Nov., 1856.

Evening at the Farm-house fireside.

We have all assembled to-night by the hearth-stone;—the farmer, with his jack-knife, making a yoke for a refractory goose out of a forked twig, striving to catch every whittling in his handkerchief, spread across his knees, while his good dame deprives her knitting-work

of more than one eye, so fearful she is a single speck may fall on her new home-made hearth-rug. They have a little square lamp-stand between them, that belonged to some ancestral goodwife, and which, probably, did not come over in the Mayflower, along with a great many others of the sort. An unsnuffed, smoking tallow candle, placed upon it, completely hides the one's face from the other, in its inconstant blaze, or Farmer John might have discovered what a brink he was travelling to. The poor cat, doubled up by the andiron, with head and tail together, whisks her nose, as a stray splinter grazes her feelers. The dame starts, but a little current of air from the door, as Sammy opens it to come in, takes it along into the blaze, and it tumbles summersets as it goes up the chimney, half burnt up. The urchin unluckily pushes in between his father and the table, and takes the handkerchief, and all its contents along with him, until they drop half on the rug and half on the hearth, one end of the handkerchief just within scorching range of a fallen ember, and is only saved by the cat being caught in it, bearing it off with her, as she gets out of the intruder's way.

"John," cried the dame, with mighty emphasis, "I told ye it would be so. I can't keep anything clean where ye are; and ye might 've gone into the kitchen to do that; not make a barn of my best room, right here afore Mr. J."

I endeavored to pacify the poor man's wife, with representing how much more social it was to be together, and reckoning of no account the damage done.

"I don't want whittling in my best room, I know," said the dame, none the better for my peacemaking.

"Heavens and 'arth," said the farmer, most deliberately; "what's the harm; it can be all picked up in half a minute; now don't get crazy, wife; for every time you fly round, it brings all the smoke and ashes out; don't ye see it does. Here, Sammy, just help me pick 'em up; and you, wife, take care of yer knitting, or ye'll be dropping a stitch, I warrant ye."

"Did you ever," said the dame, appealing to me for a look of wonder; "just as though I can't mind my own knittin; didn't I ever tell ye how old Aunt Marcy, when I went to school to her, used to say, she never saw a girl turn a stocking heel like I; and you pretend to larn me, do ye? It's pretty well, I think. I can knit and scold too, I'd have ye know."

"Should think you might by this time."

"Well, then; Sammy, here, take that cricket there, and don't let me here a word from yer again."

"Why, ma', I haven't said nothing since I came in."

"Well, don't yer then," and the good dame worked up her chair, and brought her head and knitting into a focus at the candle, to pick up a stitch she had dropped.

All this happened a half hour ago; and hardly a word has been spoken since. Sammy cons his book; the wife knits away; puss has crept back; and Farmer John sits snapping his knife blade, and looking into the blaze.

Opposite the farmer, and in the other corner, I have my table—a little round one—from the bed-room chamber, now appropriated to my use, just big enough for my desk, and of a convenient height to use with the old-fashioned round-about,—that belonged to grandma—which is my constant seat at the fireside. Here, as I sit, I am going to give you, dear CRAYON, an account of a jaunt Sammy and I had yesterday.

I wished to visit a friend some distance off at the sea-side, and as the ride would be a long one, I had everything arranged over night. The farmer didn't think either of his horses could be conveniently spared, as all hands were at work drawing wood; and if I, just as well as not, could

get Deacon Abbott to let me have his grey mare, he thought I would have a much more comfortable ride every way. I found the Deacon jovial, as I called in upon him, sitting by his roaring fire, with the windows open, and trying a mug of new cider, just from the mill. He smacked his lips and rubbing the back of his hand over them, set down the mug, and greeted me heartily; but nothing could be said, unless I sat down, and took a drink of the cider with him, which Patrick, the man, was instantly dispatched for.

I then set about my business; and "it was with the greatest pleasure, that he could say, that the best horse in his barn was at my service; but (said he) you had better take the grey mare, a good beast, who will go the journey for you in good time."

So it was agreed Patrick should bring over the grey mare before sunrise the next morning, to be harnessed into Farmer John's old fall-back chaise, which was a famous vehicle in its day, when there was but one other in the whole town; but, in its present appearance, it was decidedly up in the air, particularly narrow, abundantly dirty, thoroughly ragged in its linings, and destitute of a boot to its humble dasher; to say nothing of its odorous top, which had been directly under a beam, where the hens roosted.

The next morning, the men were going off early to the woods, and I was up early to have breakfast with them. The good dame was never more painstaking in my behalf. My piece of brown-bread wasn't toasted quite enough, and Biddy must try another piece for me. My biscuit had too much crust—more than I liked, she knew, and found me a better. I must wait a little and have some hot milk in my coffee. Sammy, too, where was he? Could I be troubled with that boy? but then there was no harm if he took a bag along with him, to fill with scrubbing-sand from the beach, was there? Certainly not. Sammy, too, might have some coffee this morning; he didn't have it often. It will "warm him up so," for the morning is rather coolish.

The sky gave token of a fair day; but there was a cool, though ruddy flush overspreading everything by reflection from the east,—an aspect so common to the season. The sun was not up when we started off, with good-byes enough for a year's absence. We had just got out of the lane, when Sammy discovered he had forgotten the sand-bag, and ran back after it, for he had left it hanging on the barn-door, where he had placed it to fill it with apples to eat on the way. The good dame was heard to utter the proviso, "if ye had forgotten that bag," the second clause of which was probably expressed by look or gesture, which, as we were not looking, remains only conjectural with us. The Deacon, as we trotted up the hill, stood at his gate, bade us "good morning," and chuckled at the performance of his grey mare, who, with bobbing head and flapping ears and blinders, made tolerable time for a nag of no pedigree, and humble condition. Cocks mounted rail-fences, and crew; puppy-dogs sunk upon their fore-paws, and barked from the gateways; and cows looked wistfully at us from the barn-yards, as we rattled through the village. Woods and tilth diverted us in turn for a three hours' ride, and I found my friend, with his dog and gun, standing by his gate, as I turned into the avenue. He enjoyed a laugh at our appearance, somewhat unaccountably to my companion's comprehension, and bidding me a right hearty welcome, we two walked on ahead, while Sammy followed, driving the mare.

"What, shooting, this morning?" said I.

"No," said he, "not much; that dog of mine is bewitched with a gun, and I've only been popping away at nothing to amuse him."

"Sketching, too?" asked I, with a glance at a portfolio under his arm.

"No; only picking up a few of these brilliant autumnal leaves. I want to convince a friend of mine, one of your *brown-tree* critics, who wants everything grey in a picture, and is always complaining of over-coloring, that the brightness of nature can't be outdone. He's got one of Kensett's brightest Autumn views in his hall, and I want him to put one of these leaves beside it, and see its colors fade; that is, if I can get them to him soon enough, for these hues soon deaden, I find."

"You forget two considerations, I think: first, that foliage in a mass, and at a distance, as a landscape represents it, more or less so, ought not, according to nature, to have the hue of a single leaf close at hand;—second, that a relation is to be preserved between colors. By this last, I mean, that if we can reach the depth of brown, or whatever it may be, in the trunk of a tree, and cannot acquire the intensity of its red or scarlet autumnal foliage, ought we not in the same ratio that, with our utmost skill, we fall short of the exactness of the leaves, forsake our power in the trunk, and subdue its tints into the relative proportions of actual Nature?"

"It may be so; and in that case I suppose what is commonly judged an over-colored picture is one in which not the actual hues of Nature are surpassed, or even reached; but the scale of intensity between them is not preserved."

"Yes; I think some of Turner's successes in intense lights is owing not so much to the superiority of his mixing or laying on the pigments, as to the judicious *toning-down* of contrasted colors."

"May be true. I haven't thought of that. Let's go in. Tom will take care of your horse."

My friend's house, for a marine villa, is gloriously situated, simply because it isn't solely marine. We don't want to be considered as having any sinister regard to politics, when we say that we hate all *one-idea* schemes of whatever kind or description. The seaside nourishes sentiments we can appreciate; but not the only ones, and we don't choose to have these others die out from disuse. If we had a friend, whose cottage stood upon the heathery down, commanding a long stretch of sandy beach, we should like to visit him in calm and storm, but would not be compelled to be domiciled with him for a season. The swell of the ocean, its violence in a gale, its majesty in a calm, are things to be gazed upon lovingly, or rather voraciously. The enlivenment of a hundred sail, the witchery of flashing sea-scapes and intermingling gulls, the dance of breakers, and the gambols of the spray, kaleidoscopic in the sunlight, are sights to be prized and often sought, not so much for the pleasure of the eye, as for the new sensations they arouse; but they need to be contrasted with the grace of waving boughs, the revels of the wood-side birds, the glimpses of fertile meadows, the nooks of alder streams, the sounds of the varied forests,—to be felt in their fullest power.

This contrast my friend has secured in the situation of his dwelling. One front commands the sea—the open sea, with all its vicissitudes of storm and commerce. A craggy promontory on either hand, the wheeling port of sea-fowls, noisy with the uproar of imprisoned waves, and the bounds of a sandy beach, extending between, form a fitting frame for so imperishable a picture.

Pass from the piazza, where we observe this, through the main hall, to the other side of his house, and what a different view,—a sloping lawn, that the evening sun can warm in its oblique rays; a skirting forest on the one side, with all its varieties of paths, and glens, and rivulets; and, on the other hand, an open valley, with orchards, and spires, and the haunts of men, patched with grain-fields and herbage, now and then streaked by the serpent rail-

train, breathing his fumes, and rumbling in his coils, and a ridgy distance to couch the flushed wanderer of the sky.

My friend's library extends across the end of his house, and has windows opening upon both views,—a fit shrine for the poet that he is.

Who but a poet, the world-philosopher, should be as the Germans call it, *many-sided*, various in his sympathies, at home in all life-elements? In mechanical trades we institute a division of labor, for the better accomplishing of it; one man shall make the door, another the hinge, a third the screw, a fourth the lock, and a last to paint it all. The moment we do this in poetry, we are in danger of making a trade of it, and its followers a guild of artisans, not a brotherhood of poets. Schools in poetry, like parties in politics, and sects in religion, may be necessary to keep alive the interest in the sluggish mass; but to those in whom there is instinctively a life, they are an abomination. Clanship in heart is no more an affiliation of the aspirants after the beauty and truth of Nature, than is denominational theology and sectional partizanship the stuff and essence of patriotism and Christianity.

The brain grows by working it, and proportionally in those parts most called in action. A philanthropist may have his speciality, when the dispassionate community on which he depends for assistance, can check disproportionate favor.

But the poet, dealing more with the imagination than the reason, is freer in his results, and combined action in one direction alone, will lead him beyond the "thin partition" of Dryden. He should be a humanitarian, knowing no confines of action; and recognize the voice of a living soul—the sign of sympathy with man—as much in the forest as in the sea. Let him shun too constant intercourse with solitary phases of Nature, but vary it, the sublime with the lovely, the vast with the limitable. Then will the gentler and more noble attributes of his soul expand in symmetry, and the poet's well-hallowed mind be proof against his traditional madness.

W. J.

PATHOORU, Long Island, Oct. 15, 1856.

Dear Crayon:

You will be surprised to hear that I have been passing the summer at this flat, sandy, and picturesque place. I fully intended going again to the White Mountains, but, to confess the whole truth, I have been too poor to travel so far this year with all my family, a wife and five children, one a baby of three months. This misfortune I charge to the hanging committee of the Academy of Design (not the baby, understand me, but the want of money). I will explain, but first let me tell you another reason why I am here. When we were about leaving Thompson's, in North Conway, a year ago, I found my funds falling short, and offered the landlord one of my best sketches in part pay. Thompson gave me a dry look, I guessed he better not take it,—sketches were rather plenty around there, and it might be worth more to me than to him." To remove his hesitation I assured him it was well worth a hundred dollars (here I fancied I saw the corner of his mouth draw up, and a queer blink about his eye), that any traveller of taste would snap it up at that, and urged him to close the bargain. "We'll see," said he; "Are your trunks ready?" I ran up to finish packing, and glancing from the window, saw Thompson join a group of artists who were smoking outside; shortly they all burst into a roar, laughing at Thompson's low estimate of Art, thought I. "Stage is ready," was called out. "I have concluded not to rob you of your picture," said our host, "I can't afford to keep so valuable a painting, and love you too well to sell it, so please send the money. Good-bye." Dear Crayon, I have not yet paid Thompson; I imagine the horror of

my mind, and the good soul has never dunned me for it; every time I taste a blue-berry pie my conscience smites me. Never mind, I shall pay yet. As soon as I sell my great picture of "Snipe-shooting on the salt meadows" I shall be flush again. Speaking of salt meadows reminds me to tell you how much I like this place. I came here much against my will, merely because it was cheap, and that the baby (little Mote we call her, after our favorite mountain at Conway) might breathe the sea air. But the scenery has grown upon me very much. The low, far-stretching meadows, with every variety of tint and surface, sometimes sown and velvet, now rank and coarse with weeds, high grass, and rushes, are broken with endless interlacings of shore from the shallow bays. These long shallow bays are the resort of snipe, ducks, and wild geese, and are protected from the ocean by a narrow, yet solid bank of sand and turf—so that small boats and fishing craft are continually gliding about, and reflections of the sky and sails are charmingly interrupted by strips of green meadow and clumps of reeds. Farm wagons and cattle, too, are always moving about the meadows, and as you lie watching the larks, observing the flight of sea fowl, or sketching the soft receding distances, the dark forms of the cattle and teams will come up sharp against the sky, and form innumerable pictures of surpassing loveliness, which wait only the pencil of a Kensett or a Coleman to fix them for our admiring eyes for ever. Then you have but to get into a row boat and pull across the bay, or, if you prefer it, to stroll round by the meadows, and you soon reach that heavy mass of embankment, beautifully enriched on the land side with grass and tufts of weeds and rushes; and seaward presenting a vast indented line of sand and rock, against which the ocean for ever breaks, mostly with only the gentle dash of suppressed power, but occasionally in anger, with a booming and thundering sound. I often wander for hours along this mighty shore, sketching its ever varying lines, as they fade into the far horizon; and nothing can be more beautiful than the rich masses of sun-lit sand, with the foam and surf when the tide is up, or the infinite variety of colors and reflections, when, at low water the light sparkles from the shallow pools and wet beach, now diversified with shells and sea weed. There is an immortality yet reserved for some genius who shall fasten his eye on these simple, yet sublime scenes, and translate their beauties for the world. Very soon after we arrived here, I took my sketch-book, and went to one of the bays—after one or two scratches at some rank weeds and low line of distant woods, I observed in a small inlet a large flock of wild fowl feeding. I approached very stealthily, hidden by a swell of the land, saw they were snipe of a large size, and as soon as I was near enough, crouched in the long grass, and began to secure a sketch of the attitudes. I had been at work some time, when a sportsman, who is boarding at the same house, came along. "Holloa! Flake, what are you about?" "Hist," whispered I, softly, "don't frighten these birds." "Ha! ha!" roared he, "those are my decoys—all of wood, my dear fellow—that's a good joke; I must have stuck them in the mud very naturally, to snook in a painter." I rose up and joined in the laugh. Sure enough, there they all stood, stiff as my drawing. I learned afterwards how to whistle down the birds in their flight, and take them on the wing. I have had much fun, too, with old Tom, a dorkie, in spearing eels by torchlight, though the first night I upset the boat, doused the torch, was up to my waist in mud and water, and lost all the eels, by stepping on the gunwale in the excitement. Chasing ducks and cornering them in the small bays, driving round, and bewildering grey plover in the high grounds, and shooting them from the wagon, is

another of our accomplishments. Trouting in the fresh water streams, trolling for blue-fish, when the wind is fresh, and taking striped bass when the tide comes in at the main inlet from the sea. But enough of this. You will see we do not lack incidents. And I must go back and tell you about another matter in New York.

Perhaps you remember my showing you a design for a group of portraits of the Backout family, who are very rich, and set up to have the best Dutch blood in their veins. I was highly elated when I received that commission. Mr. Backout, who is a large and most portentious man, never inquired my terms, but remarked that if the picture was successful I should be liberally paid. Mrs. Backout (who is a talkative, smiling person, and dresses splendidly), said she was sure I would make an exquisite thing of it. "Your coloring, Flake White, is so rich and glowing, really it is quite like Guido; that head by you, of Mr. Clarendon Seems! I admire the melancholy expression of the eyes, exactly like the Cenci; I am sure you will make a *chef d'œuvre* of our group, and it must go to the Academy; it will make you known at once; everybody is acquainted with Mr. Backout; in Wall street and in politics he is famous." I may here say that Mrs. Backout was originally an O'Scapus, a family very numerous in New York, generally of slender means, but of most ready, winning, and flexible tongues. I began this family picture with great spirit, and to give it importance, determined to introduce a richly carved sofa, highly polished; but the canvas was not quite wide enough to get both ends in, and where it was cut off by the sharp edge, it cost me a great deal of labor to manage: the heavy carving of mixed roses and dead game would come forward of Mrs. Backout's head. I got over this partly by painting some large red dahlias in her head-dress. Mr. Backout is a stately man, with a solemn face and prominent watch-chain. The first appointment for a sitting he failed to keep, saying he quite forgot it—a satisfactory excuse certainly. Several times he kept me waiting, fretting, and fuming two or three hours (for the spring and the exhibition was coming on fast), and then coming in, he coolly took the chair, remarking that business in Wall street had detained him. One day—the picture being nearly finished, and Mrs. Backout to sit for the last time at eleven o'clock—she kept me waiting, and in a fever, till nearly three, and then, just as I had spoiled my palette by working a little at a background, she came in—saying, "I hope it has made no difference, but the moment I was starting who should come in but Mrs. Twaddle, wishing me to go with her to an *opening*. 'Oh, a new season of the Dusseldorf, I suppose,' cried I. 'Not precisely; but very much the same sort of thing, I dare say—a new assortment of Paris millinery. I could not refuse, you know, my dear Flake White (I can't tell you how I enjoy repeating your name—so appropriate to a painter—not unlike Carlo Dolce—and you'll make it quite as famous; and, by-the-bye, were you ever said to look like Raphael—really the resemblance is quite striking—perhaps, that is the reason you wear your hair long and parted in the middle.)' I colored slightly. But she continued. "I had to go with Mrs. Twaddle. Her son Stuyvesant (the Twaddells are distantly connected with the Stuyvesants; and, indeed, Mrs. Twaddle tells me, with most of the great families of this country—the Jays, Hamiltons, Clintons, and others), her son is attentive to our oldest daughter—a very desirable match. The Twaddells are immensely rich, splendid house on Fifth avenue, furniture all brought from Paris, and pictures. I must take you to see their collection of old-masters—they are perfect gems—bought in Rome of a decayed family. Mr. Twaddle has a great deal of taste—he says my copy of the Cenci is the

finest he ever saw. If you can secure his patronage it will make your fortune; their means are unbounded, circle of friends immense—but I will take you there in a few days. You must tell me if I lose the position—you must give me a little more color than I have to-day. I always have a fine color in the evening, and my eyes are black, too, by gaslight—don't paint them grey. This dress don't set quite as it ought—but you will make the waist perfect, of course. I would rather you would idealize me a little. I wish you had seen me ten years ago. My son has a miniature of me, taken twenty years since, by Shumway; it is an exquisite thing—I must bring it here, and get you to copy the neck and the expression from that." I was pretty well bothered this sitting. I seemed to be losing the likeness—the coloring was getting opaque, and one eye looked out of drawing. Mrs. Backout rose to go, and stepped behind my chair (she had not seen the picture before). "Dear me, is that like me? Mr. Backout's is excellent, his watch-chain is splendid—you have his hair too grey, though—you must darken his hair a little. Am I as old-looking as that? You won't leave those wrinkles round the eyes surely—but, of course, you haven't finished it yet, and the last softening touches, I know, are everything." "I will try next time to make it just right," said I, "but you know I shall be expected to paint everything I see earnestly and affectionately—that's the Pre-Raphaelite idea." "Oh, don't talk to me about the Pre-Raphaelites! pray, don't fall into that horrid style—they are as hard as brick-bats. No! Flake White, stick to your own soft, fascinating, ideal manner." But I am spinning this letter out too long. I must leave what I have told you about the Hanging Committee till another time, and meanwhile will finish up my great snipe shooting scene on the salt marshes of Patchogue.

Yours, &c., FLAKE WHITE.

MESSRS. GOUPI & Co. commence the publication of their catalogue of engravings upon the cover of the present Number, as our readers will observe on reference to their advertisement. The catalogue embraces the titles of the best productions of the day belonging to the Art-department of Engraving, particularly of the French school. We have the works of Scheffer and Delaroche, the two artists whose name are best known with us, and whose productions are the most prized; besides engravings from the works of Vernet, Dubufe, Robert, Ingres, Winterhalter, Schopin, and countless others. The catalogue will be continued from month to month, until the whole is published.

AUCTION SALE OF A VALUABLE LIBRARY.—Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co. will commence the sale of an unusually interesting collection of valuable standard books, Missals, Water-color drawings, Engravings, and Etchings on the 15th inst.; the sale to continue until the collection is disposed of. Among the most remarkable works are the sketch-books of Sir Joshua Reynolds, also a collection of engravings of the works of Albert Durer, besides many fine editions of useful and standard literature. The auctioneers will forward catalogues on application, and fulfil any orders to purchase that may be entrusted to them.

OBITUARY.—Just as we are going to press the steamer from Europe brings us the news of the death of Paul Delaroche. This event is a sorrowful visitation to all who love Art. The

name of Delaroche is, doubtless, more familiar to Americans than that of any European artist of the day, his fame in this country being more widely spread by engravings, as well as by a class of subjects more intelligible to the people at large. He died at the age of fifty-nine.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.—As the season has arrived when presents are made, we have earnestly to recommend Darley's "Margaret" as the best illustrated work of the day for a holiday gift-book. Buy it by all means. The possession of such a work is an evidence of taste and patriotism.

We are compelled to omit this month many articles and contributions of interest, among which is "A Visit to Ball's Studio," an interesting letter from London, and a paper on *Furniture*, under the head of "The Family as a Work of Art," also a letter from Newport, and the whole of "Our Studies Among the Leaves."

We can barely mention the fact in this Number, that Mr. FERDINAND RICHARDT has opened an Exhibition, entitled "Niagara Gallery and Scandinavian Paintings," at the Picture Hall of the Stuyvesant Institute, No. 659 Broadway.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We notice the announcement of the prospectus of this journal for the year 1857. Mr. N. P. Willis is to continue a series of letters to invalids, the thoughts for which are suggested by his own experience. We regard such information of the utmost significance, and its publication a truly benevolent act on the part of Mr. Willis. Few men understand the relation between the mental and physical organs, and still fewer put their knowledge in practice. In this respect Mr. Willis is a marvel. When it is considered that a man of taste and good feeling is willing to impart knowledge of this description, it can readily be imagined how serviceable and entertaining his thoughts will be. Health and beauty are for us synonymous terms, and any organ like the Home Journal advocating these is truly an "Angel in the House." Besides, George P. Morris, whose fame as a poet is so widely extended, the Home Journal has added to its editorial strength Mr. T. B. Aldrich, with whom the readers of "The Crayon" are somewhat familiar. Mr. Aldrich favored us greatly at the commencement of our labors by sundry admirable contributions to our columns, since which he has written some of the most exquisite poems that have appeared this side of the water. With such a combination of genius,—Morris, Willis, Aldrich,—and with many years of experience and culture, as caterers for the public, the proprietors of the Home Journal are warranted in announcing their paper to be the best family journal in the world.

THE GOOD SIDE.—There is no object in nature and the world without its good, useful, or amiable side. He who discovers that side first in inanimate things is sagacious, and he who discovers it in the animate, is liberal.—*Lavater*.